When Lawmakers Become Peevish

By Edward B. Clark

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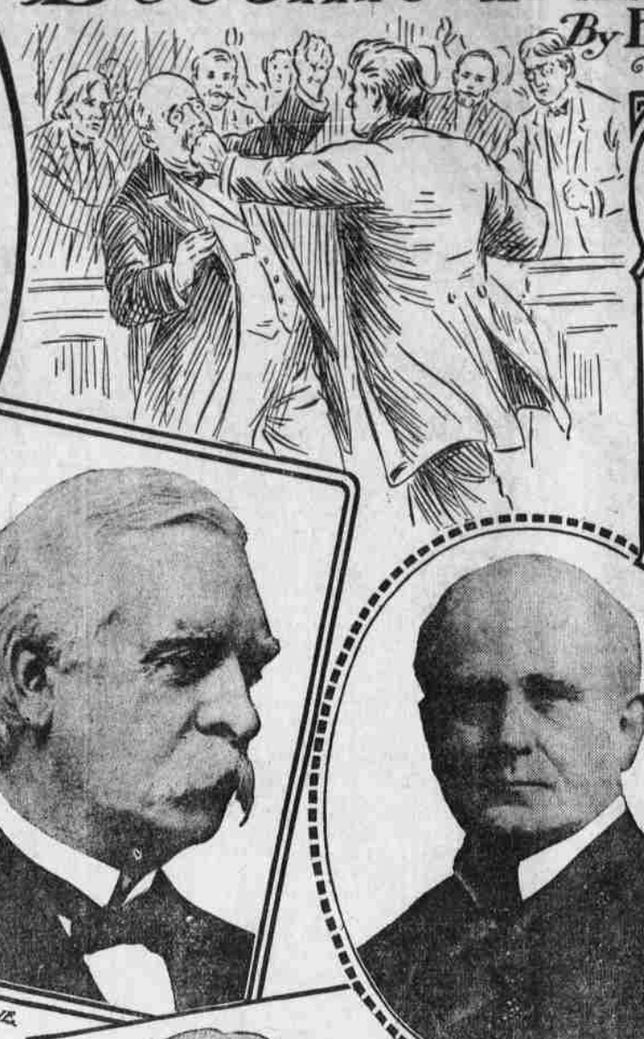
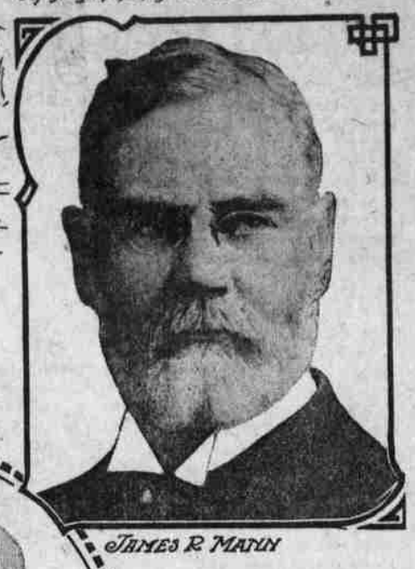
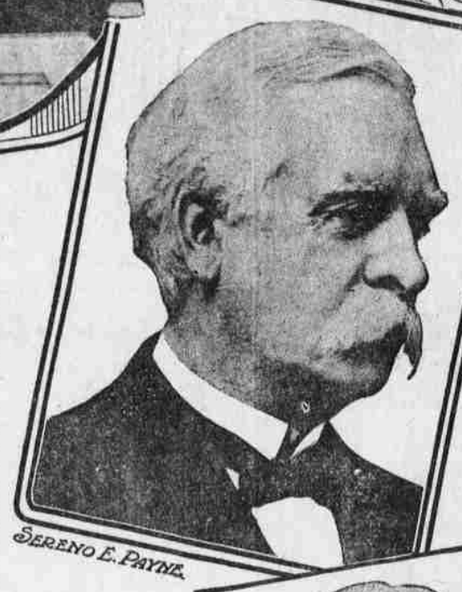
Speaker Joseph G. Cannon





James R. Mann



Sereno E. Payne

Champ Clark

Bourke Cockran

IT IS the custom to speak of the United States senate as the most dignified legislative body in the world, while on occasions the house of representatives has been described as a "bear garden." The senate is ordinarily a dignified deliberative body, but nevertheless it is a mistake to look upon the house of representatives in any way, except on the rarest occasions, as an assembly given to disorderly procedure. There have been within the last few months many scenes of intense excitement in the house, times when personal, political and factional temper has run high and when there was the "high spirited excuse" for scenes bordering on the tumultuous. In the main, however, through all the temper-trying times of the attempt to shear Speaker Cannon of his power, and during the intense moments of the debate on the railroad bill, the members succeeded in holding themselves in check, and in giving an exhibition of self-restraint that was admirable. On only a few occasions within the space of seven years that one correspondent has watched proceedings in the house, have there been personal encounters on the floor between members. In only one instance really could these affairs be spoken of as personal encounters, for in only one case were blows exchanged.

A former minority leader of the house and one of the leading members of his party, exchanged blows, but the matter was a personal one, and not a political one, and it might have happened outside of the house as well as inside. It was not brought about by the heat of debate, but by long continued friction which engendered heat enough to cause an explosion while the house was in session. One of the parties to this physical encounter is now dead, and the other, next March, will take his seat in the senate of the United States. Their names probably will suggest themselves at once.

There are many hot-headed members of the lower house of congress, and some of these "temperamental ones" are leaders in their respective parties. As leaders, however, these men long ago learned that if they were to maintain leadership they must keep a check on their tongues and a check on their birthright willingness to enter on a scrimmage.

The members of the house realize that men laboring under excitement, will say things that they will be sorry for in a minute, and so frequently, words that positively are insulting, are overlooked by the offended member for a few minutes in order to give the offender a chance to get his faculties back and apologize. If he does not apologize, though he generally does, the one who feels himself aggrieved, has his own way of securing retraction, either by appeal to the house, or direct appeal, sometimes made in pretty sharp language, to the member who has offended.

One of the most exciting times in the house of representatives in recent years was a verbal encounter between Representative Bourke Cockran, Democrat, of New York city, and Representative John Dalzell, Republican, of Pittsburg. Bourke Cockran is known as one of the greatest orators of the United States, and John Dalzell is known as one of the ablest debaters on the Republican side of the house of representatives, a small man physically, but absolutely fearless. Dalzell is one of the chief advocates of protection.

The New York member attacked the consistency of the Pittsburg member in a speech, and said some things about the inconsistency of the Republican party. To Dalzell, this seemed to give the opportunity that he wanted. He stood on the floor of the house and accused Cockran not only of inconsistency, but practically of using his gift of oratory, first to uphold one side of a question, and then to uphold another, and the Pittsburg man did not try to conceal the reasons which he thought were responsible for the change of opinion and the change of attitude on the part of the man whom he was criticizing.

In that speech against Cockran, Dalzell was waspish. There were men on the floor who expected fully to see Cockran attack him, not verbally, but physically, but the New Yorker sat through the speech, and when it was ended arose in his own place. The New Yorker contented himself with saying that if he were guilty of the charges which the Republican member had made against him, he was not fit to stay in the house of representatives, and he demanded that congress as a matter of personal privilege to him, should make an investigation of his conduct, make a report thereon, and if he were found guilty, the fact should be published to the country.

The house refused to take any action on the New Yorker's demand for an investigation, and the whole matter went by default with the speeches of both men standing in the Congressional Record as evidence of a warm day in congress.

In a debate on the tariff last year, the dry subject of lumber came near causing a physical encounter between Representative Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan, and Representative Adam M. Byrd of Mississippi. The Mississippian had said that the Michigan member was interested personally in lumber matters and intimated that he was particularly interested in a section of a lumber trust. The Michigan man said something in retort which was a little stronger than a mere statement that the Mississippian did not know what he was talking about. At any rate, Representative Bryd stripped off his coat and started down the aisle toward the Republican side, and toward Mr. Fordney, who stood perfectly still, awaiting the attack. Not many years ago Fordney had worked in the capacity of what is known as a "lumber jack," and he is as hard as any nail that was ever driven into a board. Before the Mississippian could reach the scene of intended action, however, he was seized by several members, and his coat was slipped on to his back once more. Later, the two representatives made up their differences.

In seven years these are the only instances which can be recalled at this time of troubles between members that did, or seemed likely to culminate in serious encounters. The truth is that the house is seldom a "bear garden," and the best test of the tempers of the members was made during the time which preceded the change in the rules of the house which was secured by a coalition of so-called Insurgent Republicans and the Democrats. Led by Representative Norris of Nebraska, the Insurgents and Democrats together succeeded in taking away from the speaker his membership in that committee. It was a great change from former conditions, and it was a direct attack on the power of the speaker, an attack that had in it seemingly much that was personal, although most of the men who had a hand in it, denied that there was any personal feeling.

Men sat white in their seats or stood and spoke with shaking voices, so tremendous was the excitement, but during it all each man kept a firm hold on his temper, and while it seemed to the spectators that encounters must come, they never came, and the change in the rules was effected, involving as it did, an airing of factional differences with just as little outward show of disturbance as would attend the enactment of legislation of small degree of interest.

Every man has mannerisms, but of course in the house of representatives pronounced mannerisms of the leading members are the only ones which become impressed upon the public. Sereno E. Payne, the Republican leader, is the author of the last tariff bill as it passed the house of representatives. Outwardly, Mr. Payne suggests a condition of mind and temper indicated by the sound of his first name, but the Republican leader is not serene at all times, although he, perhaps better than any other prominent man in the house, keeps control of his emotions.

Mr. Payne is fat and he is jolly under ordinary circumstances. Occasionally when his good Republican soul is pierced by an arrow of sarcasm, invective or reproach fired from the Democratic side, Sereno loses his serenity, and he grows quite hot and emits what some members have dubbed bolts of lightning. On occasions of less heat, the Republican leader emits sparks only, but they are of the kind that burn. There are possibilities of indignation and anger in Representative Payne that no one would suspect who looks down from the gallery upon his ordinarily calm exterior.

Champ Clark of Missouri, the leader of the Democrats, loves his joke and it takes an occasion that is worth while before he rouses himself to anger. "When Champ Clark does get mad he gets mad," is the expressive way in which a Democratic colleague of the minority leader put the matter recently. There was an exhibition of how mad Champ Clark can get at the time when he was trying to hold his Democratic colleagues in a solid line in favor of a change in the rules governing house procedure. This was at the time when some of the Insurgents, in connection with the Democrats were trying to secure what is now known as Calendar Wednesday. It was at a time long prior to the fight which ended in the removal of the speaker from the committee on rules.

The Democratic leader found that he could not control all his party colleagues, and he had a suspicion that some of them knew that they were to get committee preferment at the hands of the speaker, provided they deserted the Democratic leader in the time of need. One New York Democratic member, with some others from different parts of the country, deserted their chieftain in the hour of trouble, and later the New Yorker was given a fine committee berth by the speaker.

No one will ever forget the castigation which Champ Clark gave this colleague, whom he looked upon as a deserter from the cause of his fellows. It was a scoring the like unto which few men have ever received. The New Yorker took it in apparent humbleness of spirit, and it may be that he did not have any excuse to offer. Time is a great healer, however, and now the Democratic leader and the man whom he excoriated are good friends, and seem to be working in harmony for the party good in the house of representatives.

The hardest worked man in the house of representatives, not even barring the speaker, is Representative James R. Mann, Republican, of Chicago. Mann is known as the great objector, and also as the watch dog. It is his duty to be on the floor of the house constantly, and to watch legislation, line by line, and to see to it that nothing is "slipped over," which the Republican majority does not think proper. Mr. Mann keeps an eye on amendments to the appropriation bills, and all kinds of things as they come before the house. It is he who objects to the consideration of many small bills when unanimous consent unquestionably would secure passage for them. This makes him in a sense tremendously unpopular with members who want to get something through, and can only get action under unanimous consent.

Day of the Hall Boy

In this day of complaint against incompetent servants of all sorts it is rather remarkable to study the general utility of the apartment-house hallboy. The resourceful New York woman finds many uses for the liveried lad and where he has been tested and found thoroughly reliable he is often trusted with responsible duties.

At one of the upper West side apartment hotels two extremely bright young colored men have been employed for four years and the commissions with which they are trusted are worth studying. One of them was seen at a neighboring bank the other morning depositing money for three guests at the hotel. Several other colored boys in uniform were performing a similar service. The receiving teller at the bank explained that many of his women depositors intrusted this work, especially on stormy days, to hall boys and elevator boys and that there has not been a single case of dishonesty or misunderstanding in the matter.

In some houses elevator and hall boys are not permitted to run errands, the New York World says. In others, where two or three lads are on duty, rules are relaxed and superintendents are glad to let the boys serve the tenants. Naturally the boys like to do the errands, because there is corresponding increase in their incomes.

Elevator and hall boys are also intrusted with all sorts of repairs, sponging, pressing, dyeing, etc. You will see them hurrying toward the uptown shops, their arms laden with all sorts of wearing apparel, from silk hats that need ironing to shoes that need half-soling. For such work the boy generally gets two bits of money, one from the tenant for performing the errand and another from the tradesman to whom he throws the work.

A busy time for many of the boys is Sunday afternoons and evenings, after the delicatessen shops open. Then housewives upon whom unexpected company has descended whistle for the hall boy, who makes an emergency run to the nearest purveyor of ready-cooked food.

On Sunday mornings you will find quite a line of colored boys in uniform lined up at the branch postoffices in the residence districts. These represent various apartment houses and apartment hotels whose tenants want their mail on Sunday mornings and who club together to give the colored attendants a small fee for making the trip to the branch postoffice during the hour at which mail is distributed every Sunday.

A very common source of revenue for hall boys is the care of baby buggies. Very few apartments offer room for such vehicles and it is not always safe to leave them in the basement. A bright hall boy will take care of the carriage, keeping it cleaned and repaired, locking it with a chain or padlock to some clean, safe place in the basement and having it ready for use at a signal from the mother or nurse.

Landlords may object to dogs, but hall boys—never. A valuable dog is pretty sure to mean a weekly stipend to an obliging colored attendant. Here again the iron fence or bar becomes useful as an anchorage for the pet in his care and many an uptown hall boy spends his noon hour giving a pedigreed dog its outing.

An upper West side boy whose Rooseveltian teeth are the hallmark of good nature said when interviewed on the subject:

"Yessir—we all can do most anything. Missus Powers, she has me open all her cans, 'cause her hands is shaky, an' I hooks her dresses when Mr. Powers he ain't home. I kin market fur her ef she's feelin' poorly, an' I allus meets her mother at the subway station an' takes her back again. I take keer of her cat when she's away and I feed Missus Brown's bird when she goes. Most all the ladies they give me their keys if they're 'spectin' some one to come while they're out, an' I ain't never made no mistake."

Woman's Splendid Work

Mrs. Nannie Geffroy is the head of St. Paul's school, which is in a community of fisherfolk near Beaufort, N. C. The work was begun by her mother, who dying pledged her eight-year-old daughter to take her place. Mrs. Geffroy took up the work when she was fifteen by hiring a room and engaging a teacher at five dollars a month. At first everything had to be supplied, even the clothes for the children to wear at school. One fisherman's son was put in training for the ministry and to take charge of the school after two years, and a friend contributed $500, with which a small schoolhouse was built. At the end of two years, when the young minister returned to take charge, the school had outgrown the schoolhouse, and it was again necessary to rent quarters and more teachers. After ten years the school has property worth $10,000 and besides Mrs. Geffroy and a secretary there are 12 teachers. The school has a self-supporting printing plant and carpenter shops, sewing and cooking schools and a kindergarten. The last term there were in the neighborhood of 300 pupils. Among its graduates there are four clergymen in mission fields. There are also two lawyers, ten bookkeepers, four printers and many women school teachers.

Showing Evils of Child Labor.

Illustrations of the work of children in sweatshops and tenement factories are being exhibited in the Church of the Messiah at New York. The exhibit is under the direction of the Consumers League of New York, and it is for the purpose of showing the evils of child labor. The Church of the Messiah is said to have been selected because of its proximity to the shopping district, where many of the articles made by these children are sold for five and sometimes ten times as much as the wages paid the workers. In the exhibit is a bunch of pink artificial rosebuds; by making 12 bunches, 144 rosebuds, a child earned one cent.

The Quoter.

"You never quote poetry in your speeches?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "quoting poetry is too often like sending an anonymous letter. A man resorts to it when he wants to say something and shift the responsibility of authorship."

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COUNTRY'S WEALTH IN OIL

Industry That Has Grown to Enormous proportions Within a Few Years.

The production of oil in the United States has grown from nothing at the time of its discovery to enormous proportions. Millions of barrels have been taken from the country near the western slope of the Alleghenies in western Pennsylvania, and millions more from the districts in West Virginia and Ohio. Indiana has yielded its share and Illinois has been productive beyond the dreams of avarice.

It remained, however, for Kansas and Oklahoma, together with the Indian Territory, to open the eyes of the modern driller and capitalists. When the soil was first tapped in the wildcatting operations of that section great gushers rewarded the efforts of the men who had the courage and capital to engage in the enterprise. The usual rush followed, but many thousands of acres had been already taken up and the war for supremacy began.

HIS WISH.

Mrs. Henpeck—Ah Henry, when I'm gone you'll never get another wife like me.

Mr. Henpeck (sotto voce)—I hope not.

Statistics Go Lame.

"'Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with stertisticks," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench.

"What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer.

"Wall, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. i., "we orter hev had a death in teown ev'ry six weeks fer th' past few years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer.

"Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

He Rose to It.

"Do you know," said a little boy of five to a companion the other day, "my I don't know my father knows, and what my father don't know I know."

"All right! Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff one, but the youngster never faltered.

"Well, that," he answered coolly, "is one of the things my father knows."—Harper's Bazaar.

He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button?'" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

Artistic Temperament.

"Hamlet seemed to speak with authority in his advice to the players."

"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "although he was rather quiet and patient. But in his other scenes he was as nervous and irascible as a regular stage manager."

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WHY, OF COURSE.

Knicker—How do you figure out that the St. Louis exposition was better than the Paris exposition?

Bocker—It didn't cost so much to get there.

The Lost Chords.

The village concert was to be a great affair. They had the singers, they had the program sellers, they had the doorkeepers and they would doubtless have the audience. All they needed was the piano, but that they lacked. Nor could they procure one anywhere.

At last the village organist learned that one was possessed by Farmer Hayseed, who lived "at the top o' the 'ill." Forthwith he set out with two men and a van.

"Take it, an' welcome," said Hayseed cordially "I've no objections s'long as ye put 'Pyenner by Hayseed' on the program."

They carted it away.

"An' I wish 'em joy of it," murmured Mrs. Hayseed, as the van disappeared from sight.

"Wish 'em joy of it," repeated Hayseed. "What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean I only 'ope they'll find all the notes they want," replied the good woman. "'Cos, ye see, when I wanted a bit o' wire I allus went to the old planner for it."

Looked Like a Pattern.

"My dear," asks the thoughtful husband, "did you notice a large sheet of paper with a lot of diagrams on it about my desk?"

"You mean that big piece with dots and curves and diagonals and things all over it?"

"Yes. It was my map of the path of Halley's comet. I wanted to—"

"My goodness! I thought it was that pattern I asked you to get, and the dressmaker is cutting out my new shirtwaist by it!"—Chicago Evening Post.

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